noon one day. I was going to get a book from tjie library, as I was in the habit of* doing now and again; there was a European soldier with me this time, who also wanted to go to the library, and a warder accompanied us both. The soldier was quite young, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and had been sent to the lunatic asylum, after he had been tried by the Madras High Court for having killed a barber, or a butler I cannot be quite definite, in a drunken state with his rifle. His name was John Scott. It is necessary for me to mention here that I happened to be entertaining a very strange and perverted notion at the time regarding this soldier. One day when I was working in one of the handlooms in the weaving shed, this soldier appeared before me. Think-ing that he was desirous of learning the art of weaving, I asked him whether he should like to work there as we did. In answer he said "No; don't you know then that I am John?" From the manner in which he seemed to pronounce that name, it struck me as possible,

after my
late experience, that he might be
"Prince John**
himself! It seemed very likely thai
he had got
himself implicated in a case of man-
slaughter